

Thursday, August 3, 1899.

Personal Mention.

—Miss Anne Bruce is visiting in Orangeburg.

—Prof. W. E. Willis was in the city last Tuesday.

—Mr. Ike Padgett, Jr., of Smoaks, was in town Tuesday.

—Mr. C. I. Barton, who has been sick for some days, is out again.

—Miss Sallie Rice left last Saturday for a stay at Sullivan's Island.

—Mr. J. W. Denning, of Columbia, visited Mr. J. Allen Higgins this week.

—Mrs. D. H. Counts and Miss Donnie have gone to Greenwood for an extended stay.

—Dr. E. H. Goldberg, of Bennettsville, visited his father, Mr. A. Goldberg, this week.

—Miss Von Etta Evans spent Tuesday in Denmark, the guest of Mrs. J. D. Millhouse.

—Misses Ethel and Lucille Folk, who have been visiting in Blackville, are at home again.

—Mr. L. E. Felder, of Felders, owner of our telephone exchange, was in the city this week.

—Mr. Fooshe, who taught in the Fitting School here a few years ago, visited in the city this week.

—Mrs. Jake Nix, of Denmark, a very successful teacher, is here in attendance upon the summer school.

—Miss Louise Hester, who was visiting friends here recently, has returned to her home in Orangeburg.

—Dr. D. M. Clarkson left last Tuesday for (Gaffney, S. C., where he has accepted a position in a furniture store.

—Miss Pearl Jennings, of Winder, Ga., and Miss Nettie May Rice, of Denmark, are visiting Mrs. H. J. Bramham.

—Mr. M. J. Seay, representing the Imperial Ice Cream Freezer Company, has been in town for the past week.

—Mr. J. C. Garris has accepted a position with the long distance telephone company, in the right of way department.

—Misses Birdie and Mary Lou Gill spent the first part of the week in the country with their grandmother, Mrs. Seanie Brown.

—Miss Willie Snider, daughter of Mr. W. P. Snider, left Friday for Orangeburg, to visit her sister. From there she will go to Summerville.

—Mr. G. Frank Bamberg left last Saturday for Hendersonville, N. C. Mrs. Bamberg and little son preceded him to the same place on Thursday before.

—Master Mechanic Rhea, of the cotton mill, had the misfortune Monday to get several pieces of emery and steel in his right eye while grinding a tool. Doctor Black removed the obstructions, and Mr. Rhea is improving, although his eye is still much inflamed.

Rice at Higgins's, 4c. per pound.

Next Monday is salesday, but there are no public sales for this county.

Denmark holds an election for intend-ant and wardens next Monday.

The Coast Line passenger depot at Denmark is in process of construction.

The Supervisors of Registration will be in session at the court house next Monday.

Get one of those "all over" fly nets for your horse. They only cost 50c. at G. Frank Bamberg.

The Denmark colored base ball nine will play here this afternoon against the Bamberg team.

Cotton is opening rapidly, and there will no doubt be several bales on the market here next week.

The new bridge over the Edisto river has been thoroughly repaired, and is now in first-class condition.

To-leave—One store on Main street, E. S. C. For terms apply to C. F. FARMER, Jr., E. S. C.

The county chain gang is now doing some good work on the streets in doing parts of the city. Let the good work go on.

The addition to the graded school building at Denmark is being pushed rapidly, under the superintendence of Contractor W. H. Bamberg.

Honey at Higgins's, 5c. per lb.

Mr. M. Smoak had the misfortune to cut himself on the leg with an axe today. While the wound is a painful one, it is not thought to be serious.

Mr. W. D. Delk, while at work on the graded school building in Denmark last Tuesday, fell from a scaffold and received several cuts, but not serious injuries.

Two games of base ball were played here this week between the Bamberg and Bamberg colored nines. Bamberg won the first game, and Barnwell the other.

The annual catalogue of Clemson College is ready for distribution. A copy will be sent to every address upon application to President Hartzog, Clemson College, S. C.

The returning train from the Isle of Palms and Sullivan's Island does not leave Charleston until 7 o'clock p. m., after Sunday visitors have enjoyed the ride and the beauty of the place. The Southern Railway sells return tickets for \$1.50 to either resort.

Limited supply of matches at Higgins's, 5c. per gross.

The summer school here now has an attendance of twenty teachers, and they are doing good hard work. The school will be of great benefit to the teachers of this county, on account of the thorough and practical work required by Superintendent Thackston and his able assistant, Miss McKenzie.

Governor McSweeney has appointed Mr. E. D. Free, a son of late Treasurer Free, to fill the unexpired term of his father as Treasurer of Barnwell county. The appointment gives universal satisfaction. Mr. Free is thoroughly familiar with the duties of his position, and will make a good official.

The city council at its meeting on last Tuesday took steps to have those shanties and dangerous little wooden shacks removed off Main street. This is a step in the right direction, and one which will meet with the hearty approval of a large majority of our citizens. To these gentlemen, however, the city traps.

Last Monday a crowd of negroes and whites assembled themselves by throwing rotten eggs at the city scales and guard house. Chief of Police Price took a hand in the proceedings later, and arrested six negroes and two whites. They will have a hearing before the Mayor next Monday morning, and will doubtless pay dearly for their fun.

Higgins at Higgins's, 8c. per pound.

Many are sorry to chronicle the sad news of the death of Miss Nina Lee Steedly, at the early age of nineteen years, which occurred at her home on Deep Branch, at the month of July.

At the funeral on the following day, Mr. Jacob Kentz conducted the funeral services. Many friends accompanied the remains to their last resting place.

Higgins will raise some money. Come now, and buy groceries cheap.

The Bamberg Cotton Mills, under the efficient superintendence of President Smith, is branching out to the new markets for its products, even to the most foreign countries. On last Saturday the mills shipped one thousand bales of sheeting to Shanghai, China. It naturally stands to reason that the goods made here are of superior quality, for it is reasonable to suppose that the leading mills of the country come into competition with this mill for the business. This mill was not originally a cloth mill, but at first made only yarn. The building was soon enlarged, however, cloth machinery put in, and sheeting has been made here for in, and sheeting.

The goods turned out are of a first-class quality, with a smooth texture, and well finished.

What's the matter with our correspondents? Please bear in mind, friends, that we would like to hear from you every week.

Nice line of clocks at D. Dowling's.

A certain contemporary, in speaking of a certain cool spring, says that it "furnishes power for a steam plant." We would like to know how it is done.

Some of our farmers say that the recent drought has cut off the crop materially, but we are inclined to believe that an average crop will be made. Certain it is that this crop has been made with as little expense as any in the history of the country.

Scissors and shears at D. Dowling's.

The long distance telephone force has reached Bamberg, and the poles are now going up through town. The line is being built from Augusta to Charleston, and when completed Bamberg will have connection with all the principal cities of the North and West.

New Advertisements.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

Mr. B. F. McMillan has bought the photograph outfit of Mr. D. Bernstein, and solicits your patronage, guaranteeing first class work. His gallery is located at the same place, in the Graham building.

CARLISLE FITTING SCHOOL.

There is no better place to send your boy or girl than the Carlisle Fitting School, in this city. Its methods are thorough and progressive, and a strong Christian influence is brought to bear upon every student. The next session begins September 26th. Write Mr. W. E. Willis, Head Master, for a catalogue. L. A. Bickle—Red Cuban Gables. W. P. Riley, Agent—For Sale.

Must Have Room.

Will sell summer laid dusters at cost and below. They must go, to make room for my fall goods.

G. FRANK BAMBERG.

Church News.

METHODIST—Last Sunday night the regular union meeting was held at the Methodist Church, at which Rev. A. P. Turner, of Blackville, who was here attending the Baptist Union, preached an able sermon to a good congregation.

EPISCOPAL—Last Sunday Rev. T. Tracy Walsh, rector of St. Jude's, Waterboro, conducted two services at the Presbyterian Church, one service in the morning at eleven o'clock, and one in the afternoon at six o'clock. These were the first Episcopal services held here, but the members of that church in the city have arranged to have Rev. Mr. Walsh give them services once a month hereafter if possible.

BAPTIST—Rev. W. E. Johnson was away last Sunday, attending the Baptist Union at Mt. Calvary Church, near Williston. He has returned, and will preach as usual next Sunday morning. In the evening the regular union service will be held, at which Rev. T. C. O'Dell will preach.

Card of Thanks.

I, with my entire family, desire to extend our sincere and hearty thanks to the good people of Bamberg who have been so kind and attentive to us in the great sorrow through which we have been passing for these long weary weeks, and I wish to make special mention of Drs. Lewis and Barton. Never were physicians more faithful. Day and night they not only treated her professionally, but nursed her tenderly. They could not have done more if it had been their own wife. Inasmuch as I may not be able as early as I would like to thank each one in person, I take this way of expressing my gratitude. I extend my warmest thanks and a hearty God bless you to one and all.

But, in spite of all that we could do, she is gone—my wife, my love, my life is gone—and I am left to sign myself, Your sorrowing, suffering brother,

JAMES W. HILL.

A Sad Death.

Mrs. J. W. Hill died in this city last Monday morning at one o'clock, after a period of suffering extending about six weeks. The funeral services were held Monday afternoon at the Baptist Church, of which she was a faithful and consistent member. Rev. Wm. Haynesworth conducted the services, as Rev. W. E. Johnson was absent attending the union meeting of Mt. Calvary, near Williston, and received the telegram too late to catch the train. The body was interred at the cemetery.

Mrs. Hill was thirty-six years of age, and leaves a husband and seven children, to whom the sympathy of the whole community is extended. What makes her untimely death especially sad is that two of the children are of extremely tender years. Mrs. Hill was a good woman, doing her duty faithfully to her family and friends, and many people regret her death.

Baptist Union Meeting.

The third division of the Barnwell Baptist Association met in the handsome Baptist Church in this city last Saturday morning. Capt. J. B. Hunter was elected moderator and Mr. M. A. Moye, clerk.

There were delegates present from the following churches: Bamberg, Bethesda, Colston, Midway, and Hampton's Chapel. Springtown, Edisto and Spring Branch churches were not represented.

The following subjects were discussed: Students' funds for seminary; home missions, and aged ministers' relief fund. These subjects were discussed by Rev. T. H. Edwards, Rev. T. J. Sandifer, Dr. J. B. Black, and Mr. E. L. Smoak.

Dr. J. B. Black offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this union that our churches be urged to do all they can in support of ministerial, home missions, and aged ministers' relief boards, in connection with all other efforts supported by our unions.

Midway was selected as the place of the next meeting of the union, and it will convene at that place on Saturday before the fifth Sunday in October next.

The speakers at this meeting will be Dr. J. B. Black, Messrs. J. H. Fender, and Thomas Reutz.

On Sunday morning Sunday-school addresses were delivered by Rev. T. H. Edwards and Mr. O. F. Hunter, after which a charity sermon was preached by Rev. A. P. Turner, to a large and attentive congregation. The collection at this service was for the aged ministers' relief fund.

Pons Must Stay in Jail.

The Columbia correspondent of The News and Courier writes that paper as follows: "The Governor has refused to pardon one Charles F. Pons, who was convicted in Barnwell of bigamy, and sentenced to pay \$500 fine and serve six months in jail. Pons acknowledged his guilt and made no excuse, so far as the record shows. He married a highly respectable young lady. He has paid his fine and the Judge and Solicitor recommend that the imprisonment be remitted. The Governor's father wrote to the Governor stating the facts and leaving it to his own judgment what should be done about it. The Governor concluded, after reading this letter, not to interfere with the sentence of the court."

We are glad to see that Governor McSweeney refused to place a price on the virtue of the women of Barnwell county.

Gun-shot wounds and powder-burns, cuts, bruises, sprains, wounds from rusty nails, insect stings, and ivy poisoning—quickly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Positively prevents blood poisoning. Beware of counterfeits. "DeWitt's is safe and sure."—Bamberg Pharmacy.

Matters Religious.

Life manifests itself in activity, and inactivity is a manifestation of death; and while activity is a manifestation of life, it is also necessary to it. An inactive citizen is a dead-head in his community, and an inactive Christian is dead spiritually, and in most cases, is a deadhead in his church. The remedy: "Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die."

Cooperation is necessary to success in any enterprise where more than one person is interested. The church is no exception to this rule, yet many church members seem to think that the pastor and two or three official members should keep the church in a prosperous and growing condition when they do nothing but ride along in the gospel train and criticize those who try to do something for the church and the glory of God. If their criticisms were prayers, and their idle words were serious meditation or earnest effort to help their pastor in his arduous and responsible duties as the shepherd of the flock of Christ, there will be greater prosperity in Zion.

Good music is soul stirring, and good singing is inspiring; but to play or to sing "to be heard of men," is as hypocritical and objectionable as to stand on the corners of the streets and pray to be seen and heard of men.

Great opportunities make great responsibilities. An open church in every community, a Sunday-school accessible to all, and a Bible in every home, lay upon a people responsibilities which will prove their weal or woe. "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you, that it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee."

Modesty is the virtue most highly valued by society. This is because there is no danger of a glut on the market.—Selected.

People act according to what they believe, and not according to what they profess. Most people profess to believe the Bible, but their actions show they do not. A farmer would not plant seeds which he did not believe would come up. A speculator makes a trade because he believes he can make something by it. The Bible tells us to bring our tithes into God's storehouse and He will open the windows of heaven and pour out such blessings that there shall not be room enough to receive them. If those who profess to believe the Bible, really believed this, God's house would soon be full. Think.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers expel from the system all poisonous accumulations, regulate the stomach, bowels and liver, and purify the blood. They drive away disease, dissipate melancholy, and give health and vigor for the daily routine. Do not gripe or sicken.—Bamberg Pharmacy.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers benefit permanently. They lend gentle assistance to nature, causing no pains or weakness, permanently curing constipation and liver ailments.—Bamberg Pharmacy.

A Great Union.

It was the writer's privilege to attend the union meeting which met at Mt. Calvary Baptist Church, near Williston and Elko, and I wish to bear witness to the fact that it was a brilliant success. The crowd that gathered on Saturday was more like an association than a union meeting.

The subjects were well discussed, and the discussions were helpful and interesting. Dr. W. D. Rice was with us, and Brother D. H. Crosland came in on Sunday. Dr. Rice preached the missionary sermon on Sunday morning. The collection for the old preachers amounted to \$10.04. Brother Crosland preached at night. The writer preached Saturday morning, delivered a Sunday-school address on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and remained over and preached again on Monday. We left the church in the midst of a great revival, which we trust will continue and increase until every lost soul shall be swept into the kingdom of our God.

The lay brethren did good work, and contributed no little to the success of the union.

The Calvary people are a noble people, unsurpassed for their hospitality. Their devotion to their pastor is beautiful to look upon. Rev. J. D. Peacock is their pastor. The first call he ever received was from this church more than twenty years ago, and they express the hope that he may be spared to serve them another twenty years.

It was with a great deal of reluctance that I left the people and the meeting, for it was good to be there. Long live the memory of that union, which was one of the best I ever attended anywhere, and decidedly the best I have ever attended since I have been in the Barnwell Association.

The report of the union held here will be seen in another place.

W. E. JOHNSON.

Whetting of a MACHETE, and the terrible thought came to him:

"Despair has driven the Boss mad, and he is about to commit hari-kari!"

At this dreadful suggestion he quickened his pace and burst into the office. The reader can imagine his joy and surprise when his eye (he only has one) fell upon the scene that the opening of the office door revealed. During his absence at the artesian well, a freight train had arrived, and in one of the cars there had been a package for the Boss. It contained a portion of the outfit necessary to the complete transformation of the makeup of the QUARTO HERALD—an outfit of bright new column and head rails of shining brass, and two stout chairs of wrought iron. Instantly, at the sight, the Printer's countenance cleared, and his mind was relieved of a terrible load.

"Hullo! Old Stocking!" was the jocularly familiar greeting of the Boss. "We're getting there with a Capital G. Help me make up this local page."

Theoreupon the Printer "shucked his coat" and fell to in a very merry mood. The Boss was at his merriest, and he sang and joked with as much animation as though he were being paid a Large Salary for doing it. The effect upon the Printer was specially enlivening, and he, too, began to whistle that suggestively lively refrain: "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

The united efforts of the two men soon imposed the paper, and the eight long columns of type composing each page were securely locked in the new cases and smoothly planed down.

THE ROLLERS HADN'T COME.

"I suppose," ventured the Printer, when they had finished their labors, "that the Rollers were taken to the Press Room."

"Oh, the Rollers didn't come," was the careless rejoinder. "But that don't matter. The Paper is ready to go to Press, I've hired a Fast Horse, Major Ilay has kindly loaned me a Wagon, and you and the Devil can drive across the country to-morrow and get my friend Sime of the Orangeburg Times and Democrat to work off the edition for us. We'll be a little late (it was Friday evening), but then, we've got a Scoop on that Williams disbarment story, and that will excuse our late news. The Rollers will be here the first of the week, I reckon, and we'll be On Time With Our Next Issue For Sure."

The Boss talked in this sanguine, Capital Ietter sort of tone, and was so hopeful and so merry that the Printer was encouraged, and felt warranted in taking another drink of artesian water. The proposed trip to Orangeburg on the morrow, was in some respects an inviting one. He would enjoy a breath of country air—the singing of the birds—the golden glint of the sun on leaf and blade—the drowsy hum of insects—the rustling whispers of the ripening corn—the murmur of running water—the babbling frou of the wind among the leaves—the quiet contemplation of the many restful beauties of Southern bucolicism, but then—there was the Devil! The sometime grimy Imp was to be his companion, and the Printer shuddered when he remembered the

FAMILIAR'S SARDONIC GRIN.

To shake off the uncomfortableness of the feeling which this recollection evoked, he went down with the Boss to take a survey of the vehicle in which he and the Imp were to make the trip. It was a long black wagon, and its build and color were painfully suggestive of Funerals. There is no trace of superstition in the Printer's spirit-mental composition, however, and he remarked that the vehicle looked like a very easy running, comfortable sort of a carriage. He was about to expatiate further on the merits of the wagon, when the Devil pushed himself to

Passing of the Quarto Herald.

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF YE EDITOR AND YE PRINTER.

An O'er-true Tale in a Vernacular That is Intelligible Even to the Uninitiated Lay Reader.

SECOND—PARTING OF THE TRACKS.

The despairing declaration of the Boss regarding the Rollers, which was the finale of the Primo of this veracious history, was, metaphorically speaking, "the last straw that broke the camel's back. Of course, there was no real camel in the case—they are not indigenous to the sacred soil of South Carolina—and even if there had been one, it is impossible to conjecture how the creature's straw-laden back could have been broken by the Bosses' desperate flow of language, as he glared fiercely upon the hapless Printer and beat the air impatiently with his clenched hands. It was a very painful and discouraging sight, though, to say the least of it, and the Printer felt his philosophy oozing away under the strain of the Bosses' fierce philippic against Fate (with a very large F), as oozes away the waters of a stagnant pool under the burning rays of the Southern summer sun. He felt very much discouraged, and stealing softly away, walked meditatively up the street, and drownd his despair and chagrin in a drink—of artesian water. He drank copiously, and was a long time at it—so long in fact, that several hours elapsed before he returned to the office. His libations had not improved his spirits, and he was a very Melancholy Printer as he mounted the office steps. But hark! What gladsome sound was that he heard? He paused and listened, and his sinking heart beat tumultuously. Some one was singing in the room above. He recognized the Bosses' voice. The air was a mad and rollicking one, and there was a metallic clatter intermingled which sounded like the sharpening of a scythe or the

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the fore, surveyed the Black Carriage for a moment in awestruck amazement, and then exclaimed under his breath:

"Hully Gee! It's der hearse!"

"We'll be hoodooed fer sure 'f we ride in dat 'ting!"

This blood curdling prediction was exceedingly irritating to the Printer, although he said nothing. He resolved, however, to Drown the Devil, the next morning, in the black depths of the Edisto river, and consoling himself with this sanguinary resolve, he continued, addressing the merry Boss and ignoring the grinning Devil:

"Yes, sir! I think the Forms will ride nice and easy in that carriage."

"Der Forms 'o dem dat do ride in it rest mighty easy. You kin bet yer life dey never kick," gurgled the Devil, and he darted away at sight of the blaze of menace which shot from the Printer's eye, whistling: "And He Never Came Back."

"Oh, the Wagon's all right," declared the Boss, "and the Horse I've engaged for you is a daisy. You'll have to hold her in, and I imagine that if you and the Devil leave here by four o'clock in the morning, and take it easy, you'll get to Sims's office about half-past six or quarter of seven, so they can put on the forms and work off our paper the first thing. We'll allow an hour for that, and three hours for the home trip. Let's see—two and a half—an hour—three, and then another hour for possible contingencies—that's seven and a half—we'll say eight hours to give you plenty of leeway—four and eight's twelve—you'll be home by noon, and we'll have the type back in the cases by shutting down time."

THE PRINTER HAS DOUBTS.

"Yes," dubiously admitted the Printer. "Mebbe so."

But he felt sad and gloomy because of the Devil's direful predictions, and when he and the Boss had toted the Forms down stairs and laid them carefully out on the board delivery table belonging to the Prouty Press, and the paper had been tucked away under the board, "to keep out the dust, and protect it if it rained," and the whole had been carefully covered with a very gruesome looking Rubber Blanket, he felt so down hearted that he was obliged to resort to the artesian well again.

It was arranged that the Printer and the Devil should spend the night together, and when the Imp had fallen asleep, which he did immediately his head struck the pillow, the Printer wondered if he got up in the darkness and strangled his sardonic bedfellow. So strong a hold did this idea take upon him, that he softly raised himself upon his elbow and peered down into the sleeping Imp's face to select a good spot for the Fatal Clutch. The moon had risen and her pale rays fell full upon the erstwhile Demon's face. Slumber had robbed the Imp's features of all those sardonic lines which heretofore made him so hateful to the Printer. The Devil looked perfectly Anglie, and the Printer's murderous thoughts vanished. He muttered a prayer to be "kept from temptation," and rolling over fell asleep.

THE START IS MADE.

The Man who owned the Horse had promised to have the equine on hand promptly at four o'clock the next morning. He was as good as his word, and the Printer helped him gear the steed to the sombre colored wagon, while the Devil stowed away the jug of artesian water. The Horse didn't look very enterprising, and seemed to mutely protest against having had his martial slumbers so rudely broken in upon. The Printer noticed this, and he also noticed that there was a big sore spot on the brute's right shoulder. He spoke to the Man about this.

"Oh, that's all right," was the confident assurance. "The collar's loose, and She don't mind it in the least. I gave Her supper last night, but She hasn't had breakfast yet. When you get to Orangeburg give her about twelve ears of corn and as much hay or fodder as she'll eat. Goodbye!"

And he walked away into the darkness. The Devil had already perched himself on the high seat of the black wagon, the Printer clambered up beside him, and, picking up the fuses, chirruped to the Horse as he had heard Expert Drivers do. As a consequence, he and the Devil were nearly pitched backward upon the suggestive looking Burden hidden beneath the rubber blanket. The Horse had been in a deep slumber, and this rude awakening brought on nightmare, or—[There is a joke in that expression somewhere—horse—nightmare—surely there is!] Well, it was something of that sort that startled the horse, for She started up the street with a rush, and the Printer was really obliged to do as the Boss had predicted: "Hold Her in!"

A FUNERAL GAIT.

This fit of enterprise on the part of the equine did not last long, and before they reached the railroad, Her gait had subsided into a walk, that, to say the least, was—was—very funeral. The Devil observed it and remarked:

"She must be der ole hoss what dey drive ter dis hearse when dey hev a nigger berryin. Got a reg'lar com'by gait hain't she? Why don't yer whip her up?"

The Printer, remembering the Dark River and his contemplated Fall Purpose, forbore from hurling the sardonically grinning little Imp to the ground, and to drown the angry reply that rose to his lips he uplited the storewage jug and took a drink of artesian water. When they reached the Mayflower Inn the Horse stopped and turning Her head, looked back upon Her passengers reproachfully.

"She thinks dis is der cemetery," whispered the Devil, and he yelled "Gee up!" with such shrill acclaim that the Horse darted forward like a Cavalry Charger, going into bat-

tle, and the Printer, whose single good eye is bad, [There's Irish for you, and who is a poor driver besides, had considerable difficulty in keeping Her to the road. At this gait they left the town, with its darkened houses and their peacefully sleeping inmates, and entered upon the

OLD TELEGRAPH ROAD connecting Charleston and Augusta. It had been determined that they should cross the river over Cannon's Bridge, and as they approached the road leading to this structure, the Printer began to meditate upon the Foul Deed which he had in contemplation.

"Devil!" he said, addressing his companion in as tender a tone as he could assume. "Do you ever think of the Hereafter?"

"Now!" was his terse answer, and then he yelled: "Gee-up dere ole Graveyard!" and kicked his heels against the dashboard.

The Horse had fallen into Her accustomed funeral walk, and was consequently dozing. The reins lay slack upon Her back. The Devil's shrill ejaculation and the subsequent rattle of his heels upon the dashboard aroused Her, and She sprang forward. Something snapped, and the Printer tightened the lines and yelled:

"Jimminty!" cried the Devil, and even through the darkness the Printer could see the Imp's sardonic grin. "She's busted der traces!"

S. Y. LOWE.

[To be continued.]

DeWitt's Little Early Risers benefit permanently. They lend gentle assistance to nature, causing no pains or weakness, permanently curing constipation and liver ailments.—Bamberg Pharmacy.

The Value of a Newspaper to a Town.

The following article appeared in the Greenwood Journal recently, and it suits the situation in Bamberg so well, that we publish it entire. We want to say that we endorse every word uttered by our contemporary:

We are not in a condition to complain, but we desire to have some words to say on the above subject, upon which we have been led to reflect by utterances which have recently appeared in one or two of our contemporaries, who seem not to have received that consideration which they felt that they should at the hands of a generous public. The Journal stands on the ground that it is not an object of charity, and wishes to be governed largely by business principles. We do not ask any man to give us business upon the ground of personal friendship, but upon the ground of our ability to give value received; and yet, we render services every day for which we do not receive one cent of compensation, and we do not expect it; for, to expect it, would be only to disappoint us.

But what would Greenwood do without her papers? Take these papers out of town, nail up their offices, stop their presses, and who would care to live in Greenwood? It would be as dead as Hector. Business would be at a standstill, and if there were any men left here, they would crawl along the streets like snails. We would never know who went and who came, who married and who died, who was well or who was sick, what the city fathers did and what they did not do, whether bicycles were ridden on the sidewalks or in the streets. In fact, we should not know when the sun rose and set. Nor would Greenwood's fame any longer be spread abroad. Her sun would set forever, and darkness would brood over her fair face. Nor would that sun ever rise again, until some enterprising newspaper man climbed the tripod and sent out to her sleepy citizens, and to the world in which she was enveloped, a bright sheet announcing the fact that old Rip had woke up from his slumbers, and he would find things; not as old Rip of old find, advanced, but gone back, back, until he would not recognize her, and once more the citizens of Greenwood would begin to sing. "The morning light is breaking and the darkness disappears." The facts are, no live town can do without a paper.

Now the moral that we would draw from this is: Do not sponge on your county papers; do not expect to read them and never pay one cent for subscription; do not let them come on to you and never pay up, and when asked to do so fly in to a rage and say they are no account anyhow. We beg your pardon, you are the no account. Do not let it almost kill you, if you have to pay a dollar or two for an ad which has made you numbers of dollars, but pay up as a clean white man, just as you pay the house from which you bought your goods on wholesale and sold them for a good profit; and then! and then! O, and then! When you must have a little job done, don't squeeze, and press, and press, until you get it down to figures where you feel sure there is no profit in it, and walk off smacking your mouth, with the assurance that the printer will not make anything out of that job, sure and certain. Remember, the newspaper man's goods cost him something, and if he does not make a profit it is only a question of time when he must shut up shop; and, when he shuts up shop, it will not be long until you will follow suit. These reflections are not made as a hit on any one, but only to cause our people to reflect, and we believe if they will only do so they will appreciate their newspapers more, speak words of praise instead of words of censure, and give them a more cheerful and hearty support. The Journal looks to the future with a bright, cheerful face, and hopes that every citizen of our town and county may be able to do the same.

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J. A. SPANN.

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To persons who want to cut cross ties, 1x8x8, feet long, pine or cypress, I will give 25c. for all good ties in trade and 20c. in cash. Delivered at Southern Railway track, inspected by me. Will take them in any quantity.

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